

GOLD
KEY

THE JETSONS

12c

HANNA-BARBERA

The JETSONS

10041-503
MARCH



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The JETSONS

A FEUD TOO MANY

IF I REMEMBER RIGHT, DADDY, DOESN'T YOUR COUSIN LIVE IN A RATHER BACKWOODS AREA?

THAT'S RIGHT...THE PEACE AND QUIET OF THE BOZARKS! BOY, OH BOY, WILL COUSIN JETHRO BE SURPRISED TO HAVE US DROP IN ON HIM SO UNEXPECTED LIKE THIS!



HE MUST BE GETTING ALONG IN YEARS, GEORGE! HE'S MUCH OLDER THAN YOU!

YES... I DON'T KNOW WHY I HAVEN'T PAID HIM A VISIT BEFORE! AFTER ALL, THE BOZARKS AREN'T SO FAR BY SUPERSONIC FLIGHT!



DON'T YOU THINK YOU SHOULD HAVE AT LEAST GIVEN HIM A PHONE CALL FIRST, GEORGE?

HE DOESN'T HAVE A PHONE... HM! THIS LOOKS LIKE THE BOZARKS, NOW!



YEP! BUT NOW I WONDER HOW I CAN FIND DIRECTIONS TO COUSIN JETHRO'S PLACE? THERE'S NOT A SOUL IN SIGHT!

GEE, LOOK, DAD—BULLET HOLES!



I THINK WE'D BETTER GO BACK HOME, GEORGE, UNTIL WE CAN LET JETHRO KNOW WE'RE COMING, FIRST!

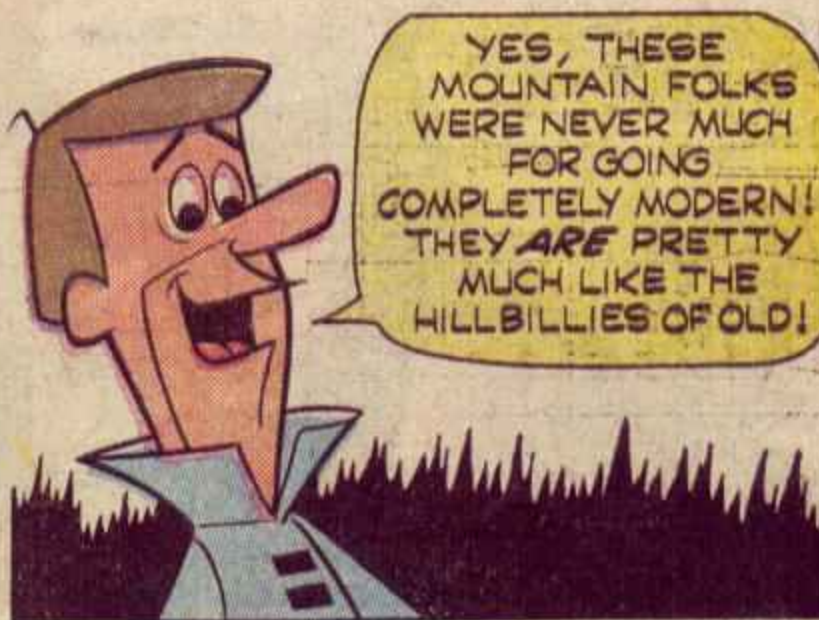
AND RUIN THE FUN OF A SURPRISE VISIT? NO, SIR! WE'RE GOING TO FIND HIM NOW!

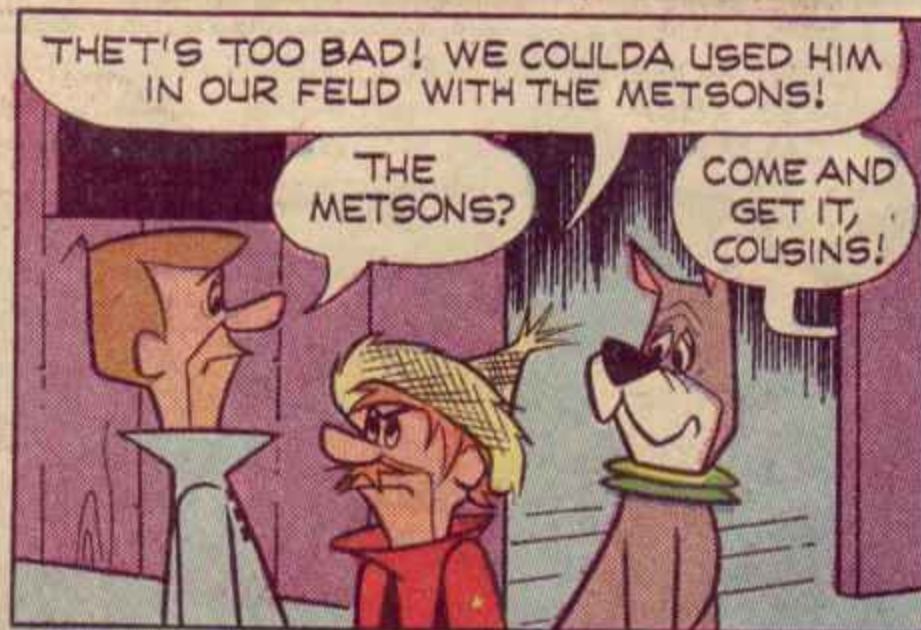


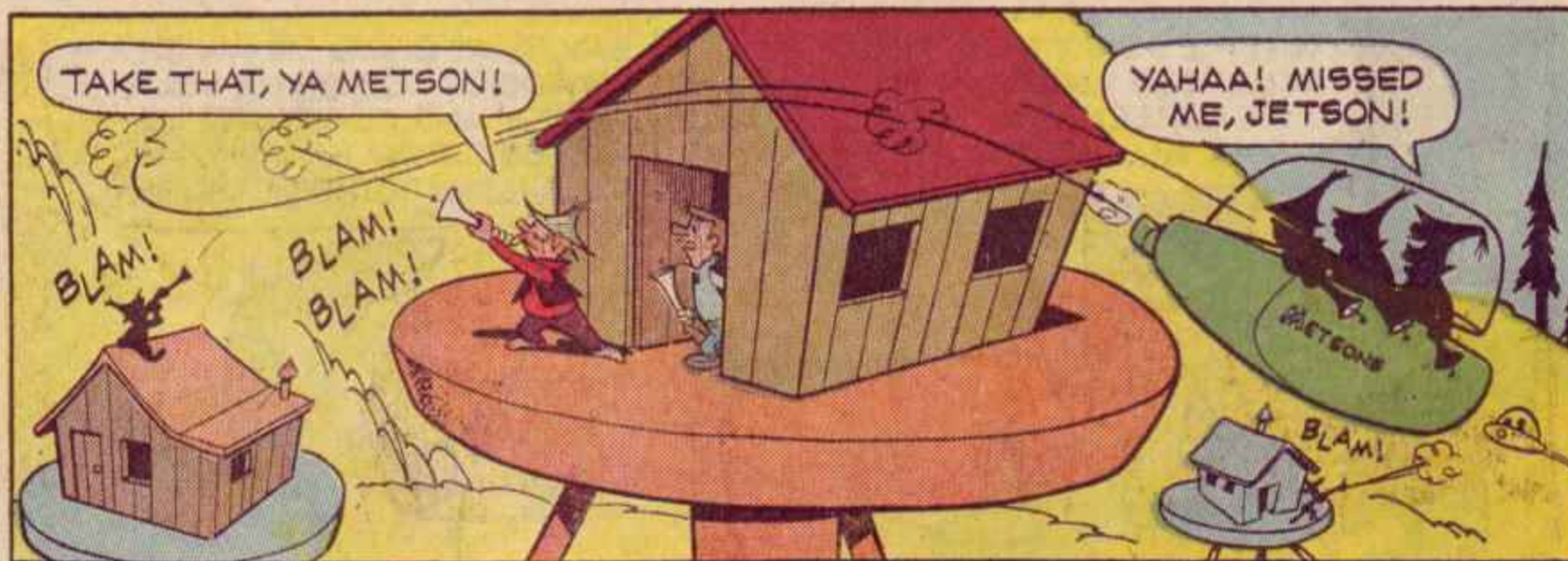
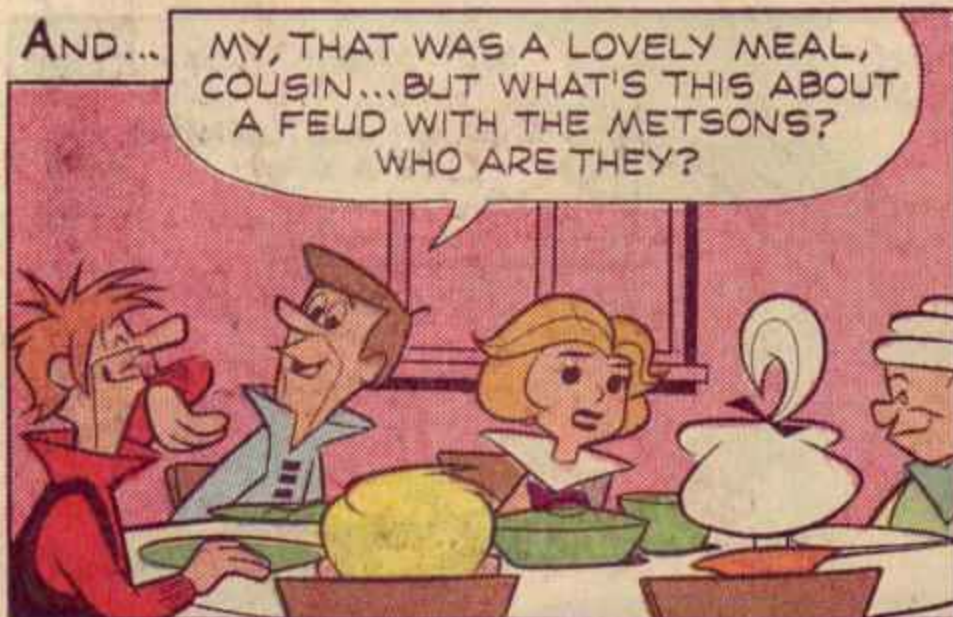
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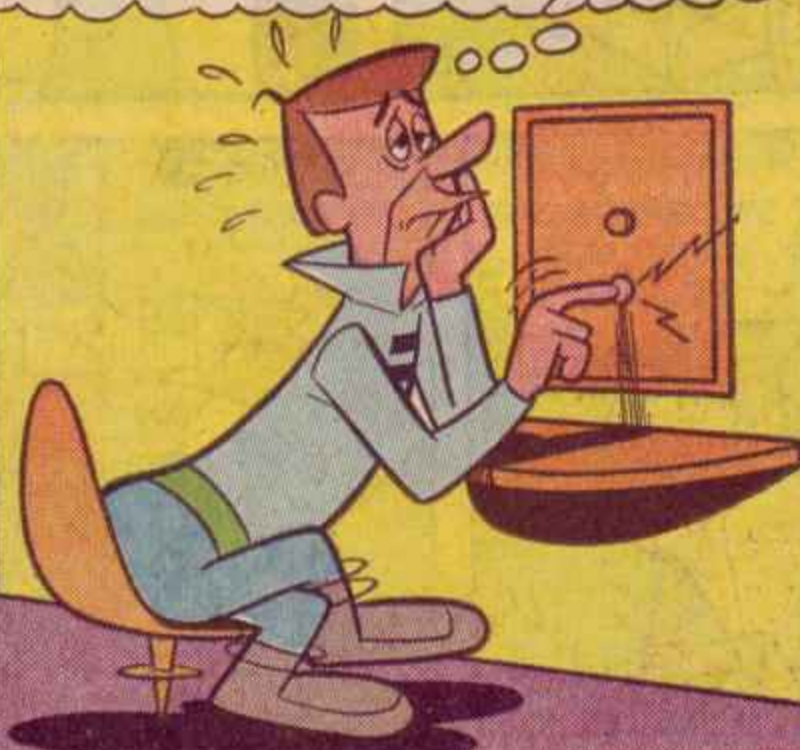






GEORGE IS SO BORED WITH BUTTON-PUSHING THAT HE CAN HARDLY KEEP HIMSELF FROM FALLING ASLEEP ON HIS JOB AT SPACELY SPROCKETS, INC....

I SURE NEED A BREAK, BUT *WHO* WOULD TAKE OVER AND RELIEVE ME AT THIS BORESOME BUSINESS...EVEN FOR A MINUTE!



HERE COMES JIFF ZIPPER, ONE OF THE COMPANY SALESMEN...BOY, *HE'S* GOT AN *EXCITING* JOB...



IMAGINE GETTING *PAID* TO ROCKET ALL OVER THE UNIVERSE AND STAY IN RITZY JETELS...



SAY, MAYBE *JIFF* WILL RELIEVE ME...IF I MAKE THIS JOB LOOK JUST A LITTLE EXCITING...



HMM... IT JUST STRUCK ME THAT JETSON'S JOB IS RATHER DASHING!

ONE, TWO, THREE...JAB! HOP...HOP...HOP... LUNGE! HIP-HIP-HEY!





AND SO, GEORGE
BLASTS OFF...
ASSIGNED TO
SELL SPROCKETS
TO INHABITANTS
OF THE *PLANET*
ARCTICUS...



JUST 'CAUSE ARCTICUS
IS A *COLD* PLANET
SHOULDN'T MAKE ANY
DIFFERENCE!



THERE'S ARCTICUS NOW!
IN A MINUTE I'LL HAVE
LANDED!



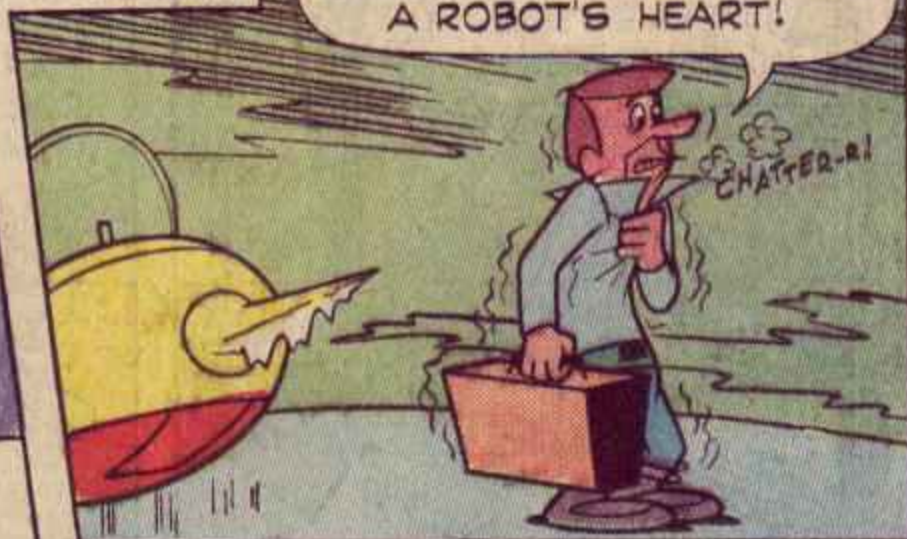
BUT IT'S
A LONG,
LONG
MINUTE...

WOW! THIS PLANET IS
SO ICY-SLIPPERY THAT
I'VE MADE TWENTY
ORBITS JUST TRYING
TO COAST TO A STOP!

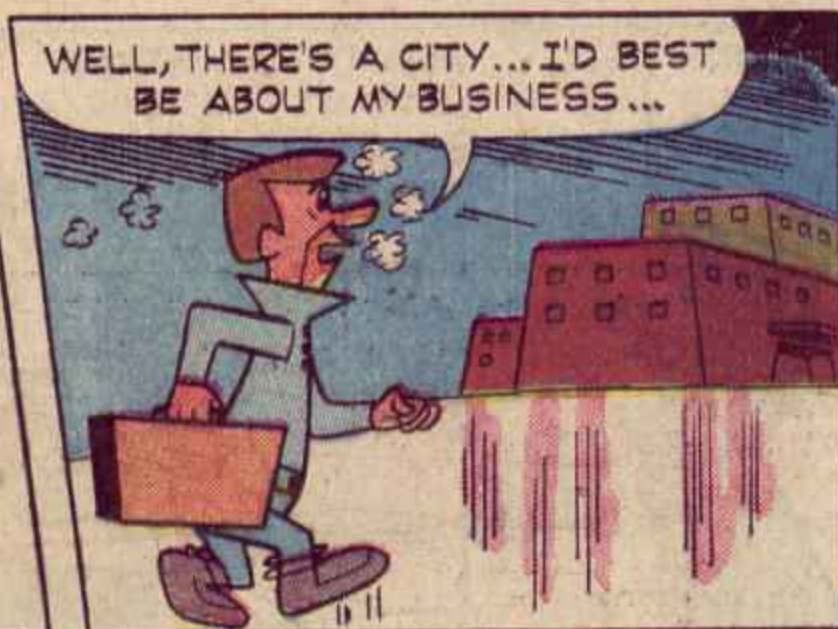


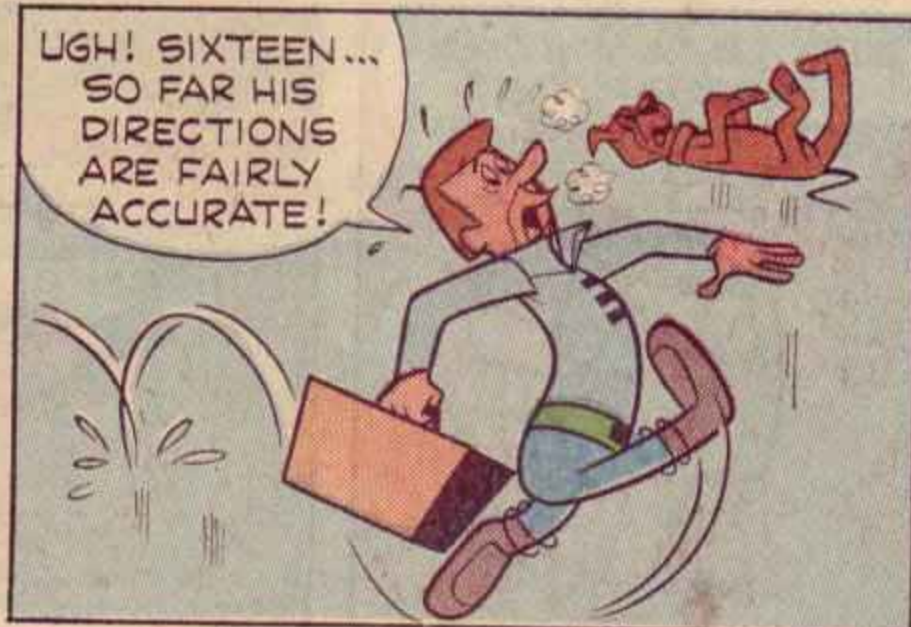
FINALLY...

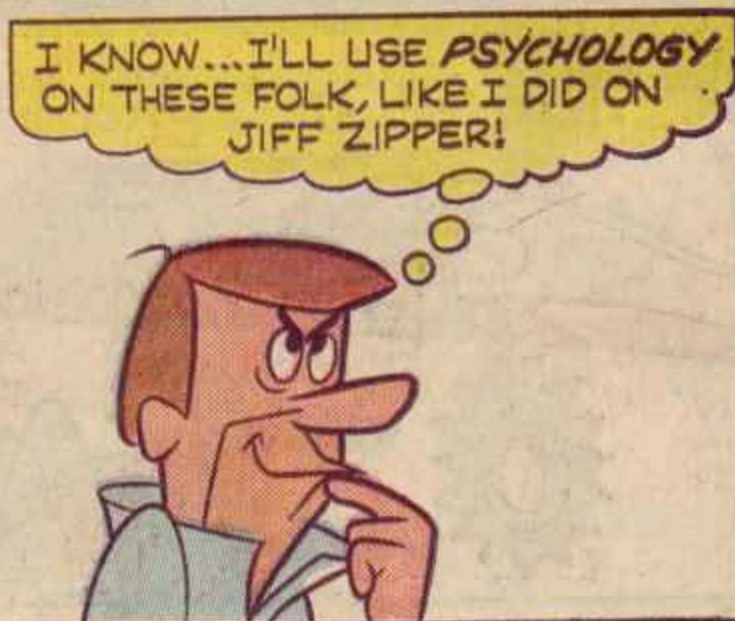
BURRR! IT'S COLDER THAN
A ROBOT'S HEART!



WELL, THERE'S A CITY... I'D BEST
BE ABOUT MY BUSINESS...





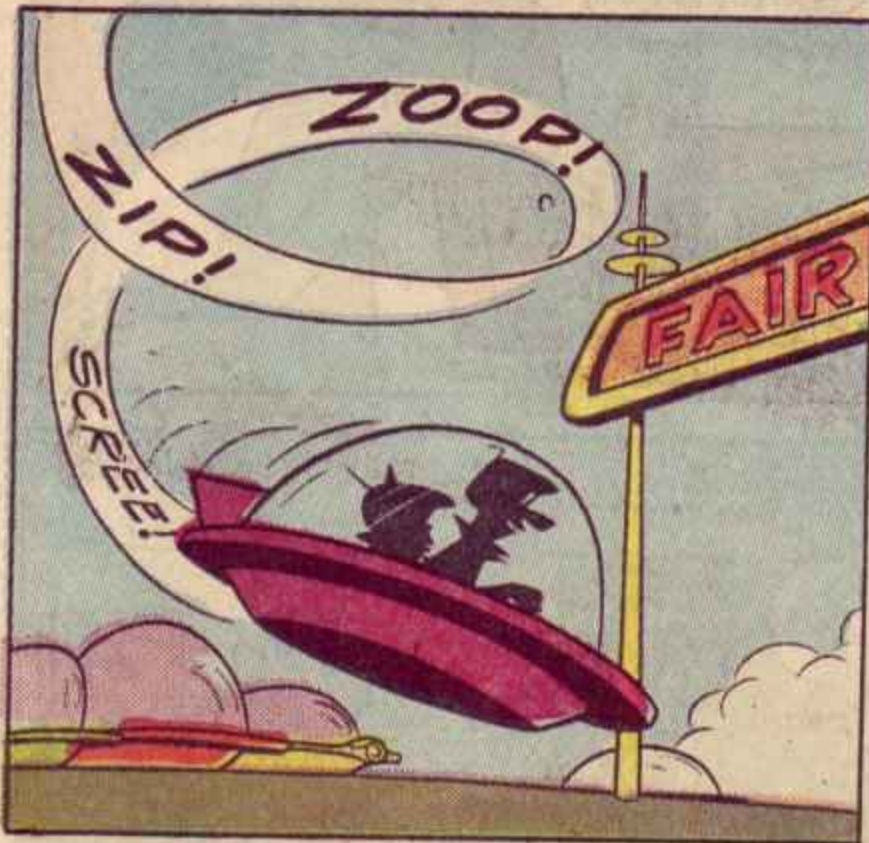
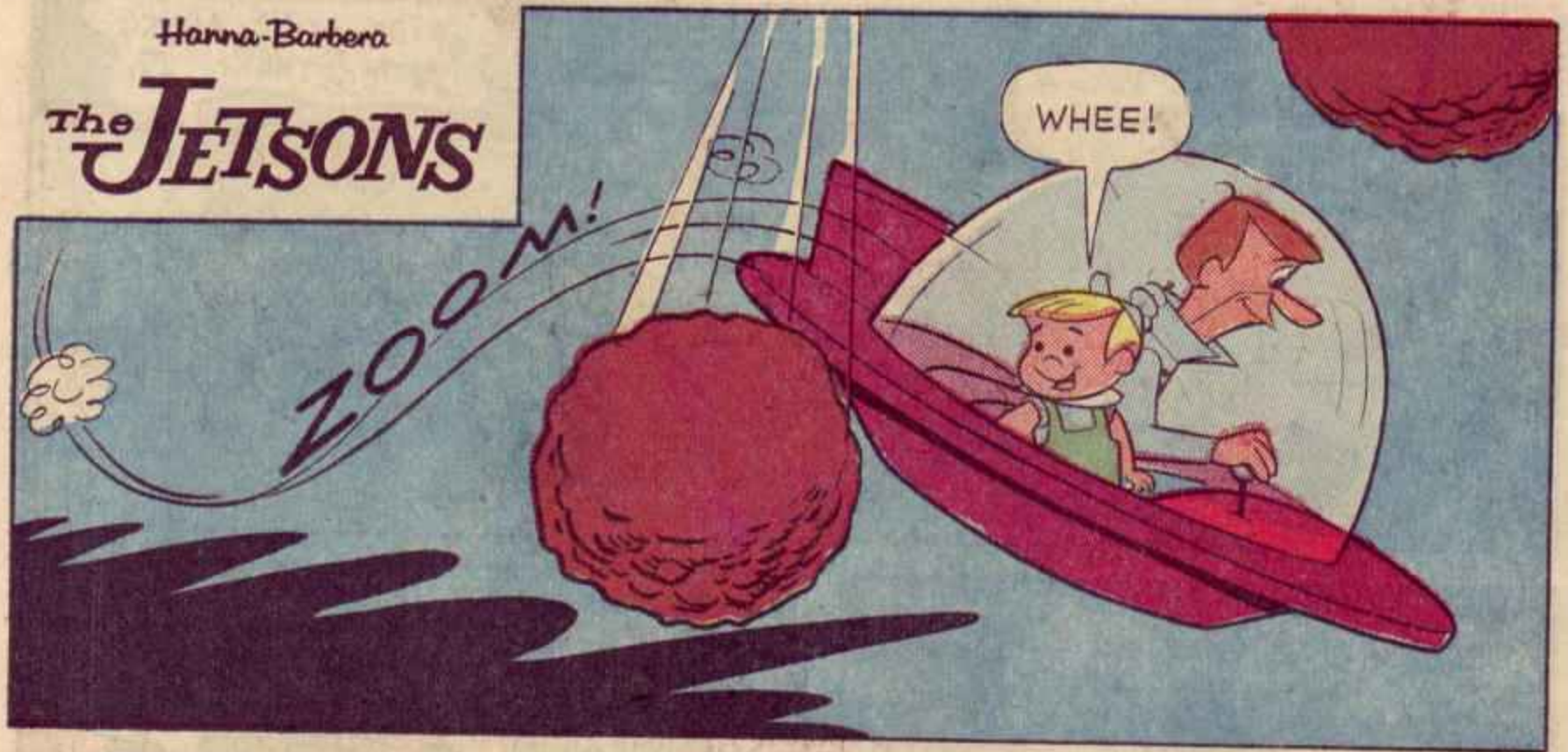






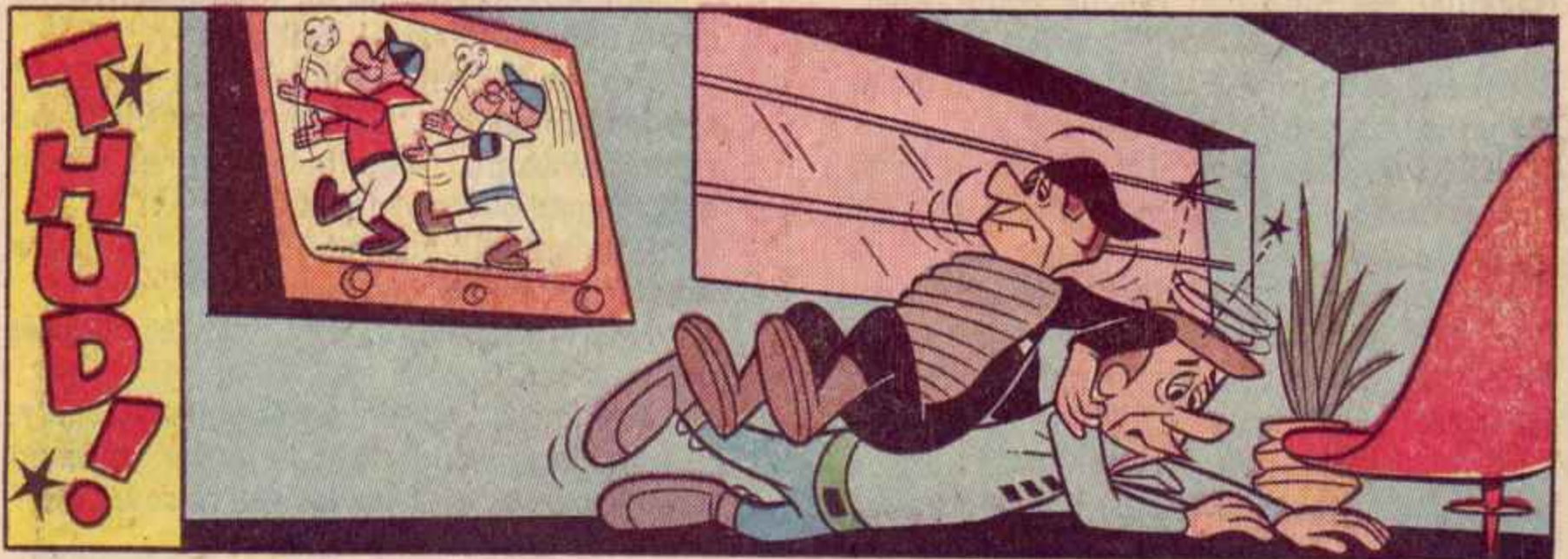
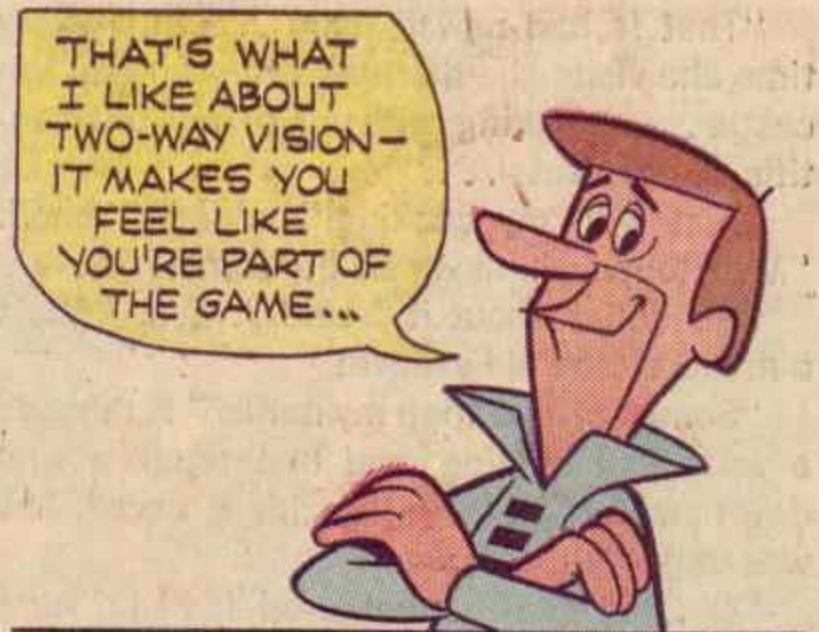
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THE UNWANTED GUEST



J. Evil Scientist was busy working in his laboratory one day when Goonda burst in, her face the color of a pink rose.

"What's wrong, dear?" asked J. Evil. "You look positively healthy!"

"Bad news!" groaned Goonda. "This letter from Aunt Hagatha just came by Scare Mail! She's coming to visit us again!"

"That is bad news!" said J. Evil. "Every time she visits she disrupts everything in the castle . . . meddling with all of my unscientific experiments . . ."

"And with my cooking!" added Goonda. "My kitchen will never be the same!"

"No doubt about it," said J. Evil. "She's a meddlesome old grouch!"

"Somebody mention my name?" screeched a voice just outside, and in through a window flew Aunt Hagatha, astride a broom. She was ugly even for a witch.

"Oh, heh heh!" stammered J. Evil. "Aunt Hagatha! We were just talking about you!"

"Nothing good, I hope!" snarled Hagatha. She went over to J. Evil's laboratory table. "What're you doing here, nephew?"

"Oh, I'm just mixing up a little potion to change cute little bunnies into ugly old toads!" explained J. Evil.

"Good, I mean, *bad* idea!" cackled Hagatha. "But you shouldn't use powdered turtle fur! Why don't you try some condensed leprechaun tears instead?"

With that she poured a few drops into a pot on the table. BOOM! The laboratory

shook with a violent explosion! When the dust settled, J. Evil, Goonda and Hagatha picked themselves up out of the rubble.

"You and your cheap ingredients!" snorted Hagatha. "I can see I can't do you any good around here!"

Suddenly she sniffed. "Smells like you're cooking something, Goonda! I've got some perfectly horrendous new recipes I'd like to try out!" she grinned.

In desperation Goonda quickly changed the subject. "Er, would you like to stay in the same room you stayed in before, Aunt Hagatha?" she asked.

Hagatha brightened. "You mean that clammy one with no ventilation, with cobwebs all over, and the sign *Home Sour Home* on the wall? I love that room!"

Then J. Evil had an inspiration. "Goonda, I have a fine idea!" he said. "Why not take dear Aunt Hagatha on a frightseeing tour of our town? You can visit the graveyard, and we have one of the finest city dumps in the country! Meanwhile, I'll prepare her room!"

"Wonderfull!" cried Goonda. "Come, Aunt Hagatha, we'll use my broom to ride on!"

They took off, and J. Evil hurried up to Hagatha's room. The first thing he did was throw open the windows to air it out. Then he swept up all the cobwebs, scrubbed the floor, and as a final touch placed a bouquet of fresh flowers on the table.

When Goonda and Hagatha returned, Hagatha was a bit weary, so she went up to her room for a nap. But in a moment she came screaming down the stairs.

"What are you trying to do to me?" she yelled at J. Evil. "I can't stay in that room! It's horrible! Fresh air! Clean floor! Flowers! Ugh!"

"But we're fixing up all the rooms in the castle like that!" said J. Evil sweetly.

"I've never been so insulted in my life!" snapped Hagatha. "See if I ever visit you again!" With that she climbed on her broom and zoomed out the window.

"Oh, darling!" gushed Goonda. "You were wonderful! Simply wonderful!"

"Hold it!" said J. Evil. "Let's not get mushy, dear."

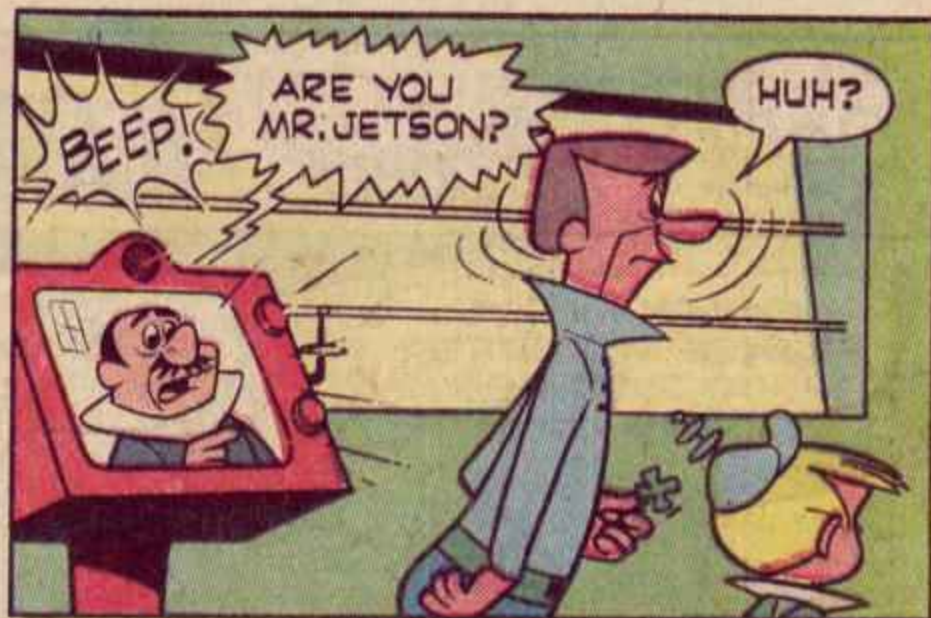
"You know," continued Goonda dreamily, "I sometimes wonder why I married you, and now I know . . . it's because you're so MEAN!"





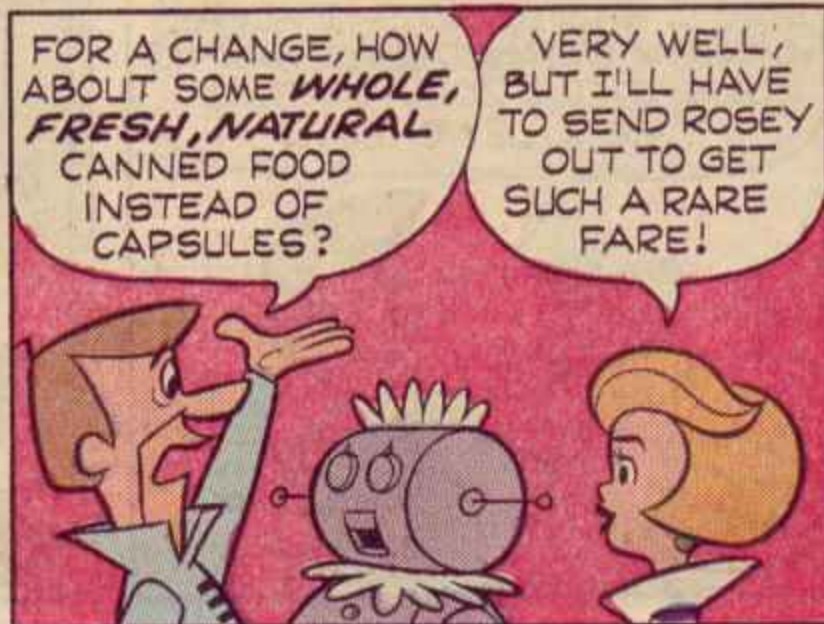
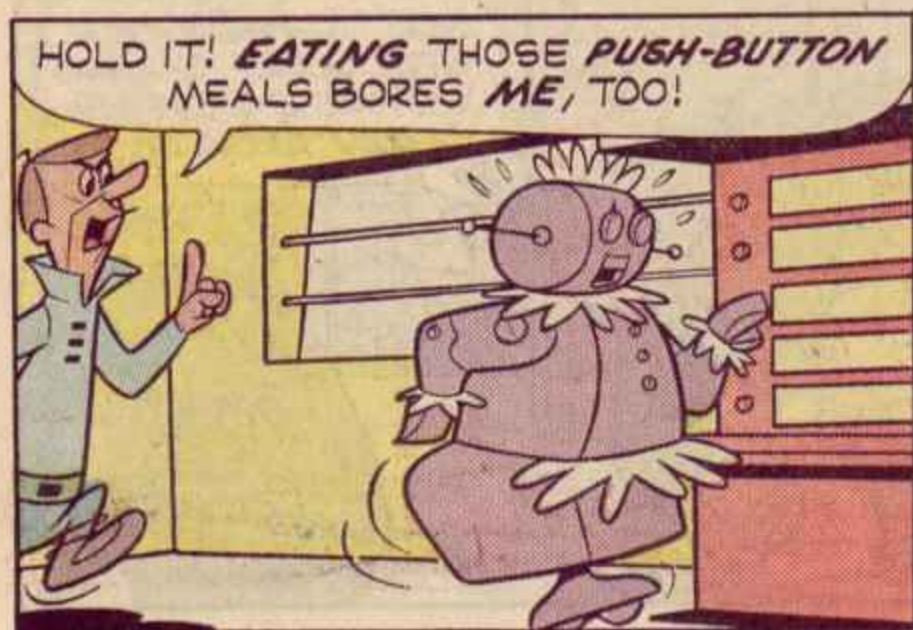
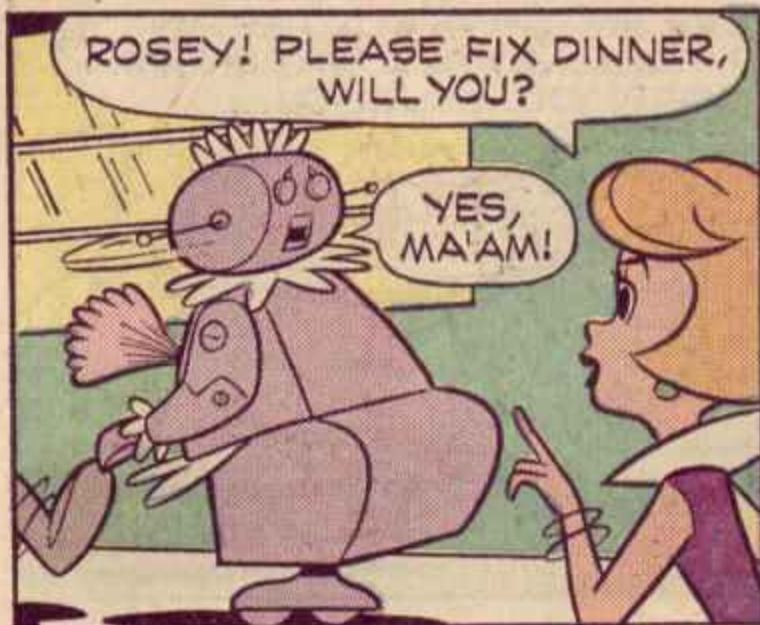






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ROSEY THE ROBOT *HEROINE* in the *HOUSE*





BEEP! BUT GOING TO AN ANCIENT MARKET IS STILL A FAR CRY FROM AN EXCITING CAREER! BEEP!

CAPSULE Center

YE OLDE 20TH Century SUPER MARKET

AND WHILE ROSEY SHOPS, A SINISTER-TYPE ENTERS THE BANK NEARBY...

ROGUE ROBOT!



R-R-R! GIVE ME CHANGE FOR THIS MARTIAN NICKEL! R-R-R!

PLINK!



(SIGH!) I'LL HAVE TO GET SOME MARTIAN CENTS FROM THE HEAD TELLER!

I'LL WAIT! R-R-R!

AND WHILE HE WHISTLES AND WAITS...



R-R-R! R-R-R!

ZIP!



HAR-R-R! AND SHE WON'T DISCOVER THE LOSS UNTIL LATER! HAR-R-R!

AND BEING A HEARTLESS TYPE, ROGUE ROBOT HAS MUCH ROOM INSIDE FOR ILL-GOTTEN GAIN...



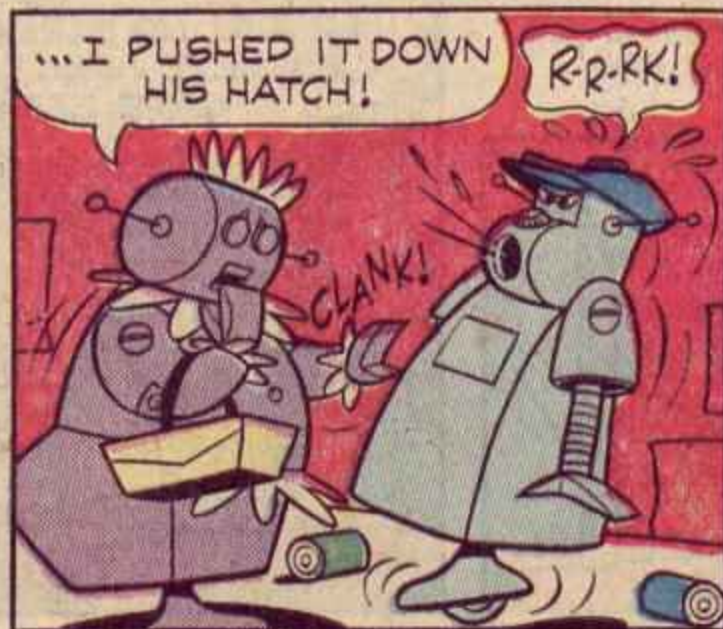
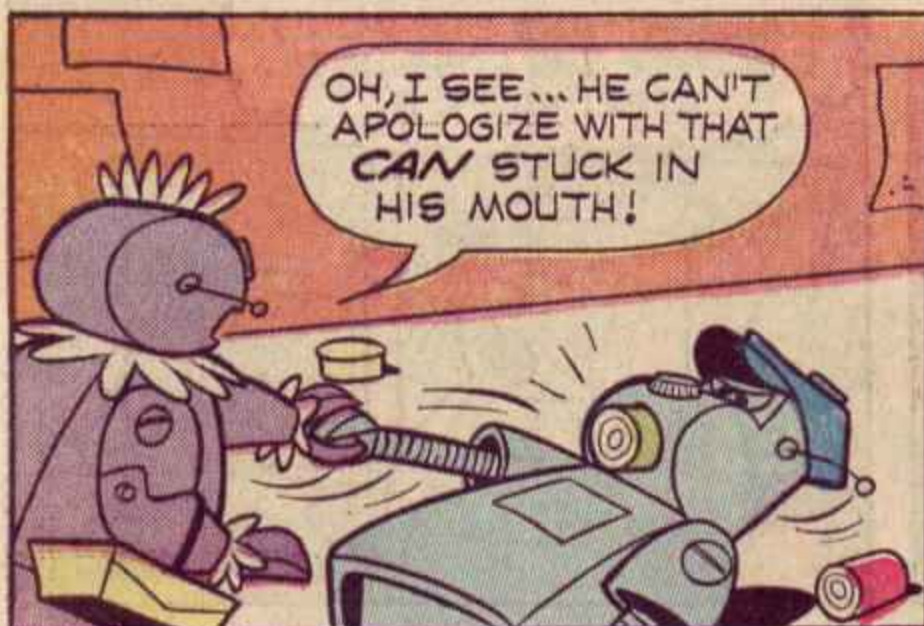
R-R-R-R!

HERE IS YOUR CHANGE, SIR!



HAR-R-R! NO SCREAMS, COPS OR BULLETS... BUT A NICE, SAFE GETAWAY!

BUT
ROGUE ISN'T
COUNTING
ON AN
ENCOUNTER
WITH A
BORED
ROSEY
WHO ISN'T
WATCHING
WHERE
SHE'S
GOING...

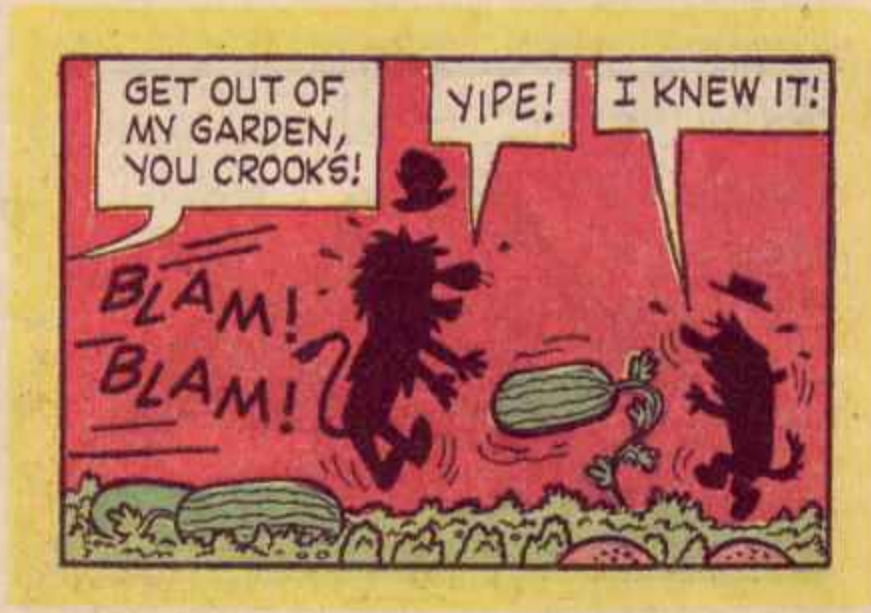


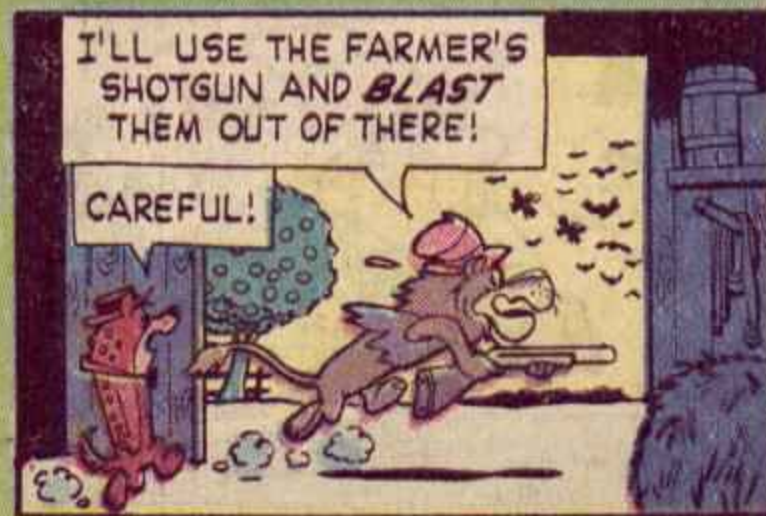


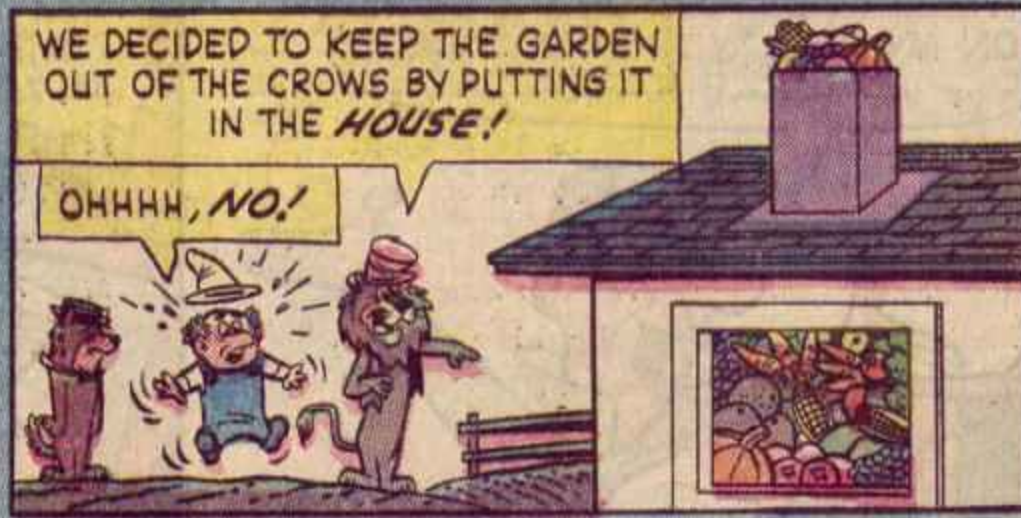
Hanna-Barbera Lippy Lion and Hardy Har Har

THE APPETITES STRIKE AGAIN









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